

# The Sonoma Index-Tribune.

VOL. XIX.

SONOMA, SONOMA COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1897.

NO. 15.

## SONOMA INDEX-TRIBUNE.

PUBLISHED SATURDAY MORNINGS.

H. H. GRANICE, Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.  
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Each additional insertion up to four 1.00  
Each subsequent insertion .50

Yearly and quarterly advertisements inserted at reasonable prices—a liberal reduction on the above rates being made.

## CHURCHES.

CATHOLIC—Father Quill will celebrate Mass on week days at 7:30 a. m. On Sundays Mass will be celebrated at 8:30 a. m. and 11 a. m. Services on Sunday evening at 7:30 p. m.

CONGREGATIONAL—Rev. C. E. Chase, Pastor. Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 12:15 p. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday at 2:30 p. m. Young Peoples' Society of Christian Endeavor meets at 6:30 p. m. every Sunday.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Rev. O. E. Hotte, Pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 12:15 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 10 a. m. Young Peoples' Society of Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Sunday.

## SOCIETIES.

SONOMA LODGE, No. 28, I. O. O. F.—Meets in their hall every Saturday evening at 7:30 p. m.

TEMPLE LODGE, No. 14, F. & A. M.—Meets in Masonic Hall on the Saturday on or before the full moon in each month.

FEDELO LODGE, No. 168, A. O. U. W.—Meets first and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month in Odd Fellows Hall.

REBEKAH LODGE, No. 99, I. O. O. F.—Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall on second and fourth Thursdays of each month.

SONOMA PARLOR, No. 111, N. S. G. W.—Meets every Monday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall.

ORDER OF EASTERN STAR, Valley of the Moon Chapter, No. 83.—Meets in Masonic Hall Thursday evenings on or preceding the full moon.

YOUNG MEN'S INSTITUTE, No. 45.—Meets the first and fourth Wednesdays of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

SONOMA LODGE, No. 75, U. A. O. D.—Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall the first and third Friday evenings of each month.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FREDERICK T. DUHRING,  
Attorney at Law,  
—AND—  
NOTARY PUBLIC.  
SONOMA, CAL.

OFFICE IN SONOMA VALLEY BANK building.

Dr. Carl Walliser,  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OFFICE  
and residence east side of Broadway,  
one block below the High School, Sonoma.

DR. F. K. MUNDAY,  
Surgeon Dentist.

PETALUMA CAL. OFFICE IN I. O. O. F. Building, 809 Main street.

SONOMA VALLEY BANK.  
Transacts a  
General Banking Business.

Deposits received and Collections made and remitted at the lowest rates of commission.  
DAVID BURRIS, F. T. DUHRING,  
President, Vice President.  
JESSE BURRIS, Cashier.

G. DeBernardi,  
Stone Mason,

SONOMA, CAL.  
Stone Buildings,  
Vaults,  
Cement Sidewalks,  
Cemetery Work.

House & Lot  
FOR SALE

Located on Broadway. A very desirable home. Only \$1800. For further particulars apply to

H. H. GRANICE,  
Real Estate Agent, Sonoma.

WANTED—FAITHFUL MEN OR women to travel for responsible established house in California. Salary \$750 and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The National Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

SMALL FARMS to rent cheap. Suitable for chicken-raising. Apply to H. H. GRANICE, Sonoma.

## JOURNALISTIC COLORS.

Of course old Bulwer Lytton when he wrote of sword and pen And affixed the prize blue ribbon to the latter Had never seen the office of a daily paper when it was press time and the boys were "short of matter."

The present era no figure in the bustling world of news. The reporter is a skinner, it's true. For he fights for fleeting items, and he captures interviews. But his weapon is a Faber number two.

Now, the journalistic underling, whose pencil marks are black. Is subservient to a pencil mark of blue. For some high and mighty personage must make a pigeon track.

Before a single line of "copy" can go through. But there's still another color, far above both black and blue. The man who owns the paper scans it over. And if the stuff needs editing he'll take an ax or two.

And express his personal sentiments in green. —Frank S. Pixley in Chicago Times-Herald.

## THE DOGS OF WAR.

On the left of the pup lines of Greek infantry lay on the high, bare hills, firing without intermission. Gray smoke went up and backward from all these lines. Sometimes wounded men came from there and passed the pup as he sat reflecting in the roadway. Directly in his front a mountain battery of the Greeks was roaring, and the horses and mules of the command were browsing the grass in a sheltered place not far from the pup. Some soldiers lay in an upturned furrow of brown trenches.

If the pup had studied the vast green plain in his right, he would have seen black lines and lines still fainter than black, and these lines were all Turks. Frequently a crescendo of hoots and hurling noises was in the air above him, and the shells crashed as they struck. Moreover, there was sometimes a curious singing of great insects. But for all these things the pup did not care.

He was a little pup, not larger than a kitten, but he was fat and fairly smothered in long white wool, marked here and there with black, and he had every indifference of a fat pup. Two soldiers came that way on their return to the front, and, seizing him, paused. One stooped and offered him gently a bit of hard biscuit, but he had been his entire food, and, with the insouciance of a fat pup, he scorned the generosity of these men who had stopped under fire to give him assistance. They laughed then and stroked his long hair and went away to their business.

The pup's interest was always the thing directly under his nose. He was really in the battle of Velesino, but what he wanted to do was to waddle in his own way among the stones of the roadway and sniff at them and sniff over them whenever he forgot that he was top heavy. Although he was not larger than a cake of soap he had something elephantine in his movement. His little legs were still very weak, and he sprawled and straddled over the road in a way that one would expect of a pig.

Once a cavalryman with orders galloped past him, and a hoof of the gray charger missed him by a little, but he didn't care for that either. He was busy with his geological survey.

The Examiner correspondent came along from the firing line at that time and stopped when he saw the dog. The dog had been trying to scratch his near ear with his off hind leg, but he stopped when he saw the Examiner correspondent. They looked at each other and fell into a reflective silence. The pup had a crafty eye, and he put his head on one side and surveyed the correspondent with much attention to detail. Another shell came close then, and your correspondent said, "Come on, pup." He took the pup in his arms.

The dog was naturally named Velesino. At once there was a thought in the correspondent's mind of calling him Velesino. But then he was not really lost. He was simply a Greek pup deserted by his relatives and friends in a most trying hour, who had accepted the assistance of a correspondent of The Examiner. His home had probably been in one of the stone huts that stood here and there along the road, now all lone. His owners had probably scuttled out at word of the coming of the Turks. But he didn't care about this either. He simply lolled on the correspondent's arm and blinked fatly at the passing landscape.

When the correspondent arrived where his horses awaited him, he gave the pup Velesino into the hands of his Greek boy and stood and admonished him sternly for five minutes about the inadvisability of losing that pup. The boy grinned and took Velesino in his arms.

Later the pup got under a particularly heavy artillery fire. While the correspondent's party was crossing a bit of plain the Turks opened fire on a nearby house. One would have thought they had opened on the pup, because they came nearest to the pup than they did to the house. There was some excitement. The stragglers in the road scurried everywhere. The correspondent had a bit of trouble with his horse, which had been hurt in the back by some kind of fragment, and when it was all over he looked around for the pup. The two servants and the other horses, and there was no sign of the pup. Late that night a Volga the Greek came to the correspondent's door, and the Greek boy appeared, with a bow and a grin.

"Where is the pup?" said the correspondent instantly. The Greek boy had brought a large piece of shell which he said had almost killed him, and he exhibited it proudly. "Where is the pup?"

The boy said he was sure he was going to be killed when he heard the shell, and he now considered his escape to be a miracle. The correspondent arose impressively to his feet. "Where is the pup?" Well—poor Velesino, poor correspondent!—they were united only to be

immediately parted. The boy said that he had brought the pup to Volo and had given it to a man to hold while he unsaddled his horse. The man ran away with Velesino.

There were dispatches to be sent, and the wires were muddled in a way that was simply scandalous. The correspondent sent left for Athens, reflecting from time to time upon the virtues of his lost pup.

Volo is ordinarily 800,000 miles from Athens. In time of war it is the square of 800,000. Every route is impossible. All the steamers are on war business. All the carriages have vanished. There are no horses. It requires more energy to travel now in Greece than it does to do a three months' campaign. The correspondent struggled as far as Chalkis with phenomenal good fortune. He was taking his breakfast in the restaurant there when he observed a peasant come in and walk toward the rear of the place. This man had a pup inside his shirt, and the little woolly head projected. The correspondent said to his dragoman, "That is my dog." The dragoman laughed. "There are 1,000,000 dogs like that in Greece, sir."

"No, there ain't. I tell you that is my dog." As the peasant with the pup disappeared through a door in the rear the correspondent and the dragoman rushed after him. In a courtyard they found the peasant delivering the pup to another dragoman, the servant of an English correspondent, but the correspondent took the pup. "It is my dog." "No, it isn't," said the dragoman of the English correspondent. "I got him at Volo."

"You got him at Volo, did you? Well, I got him at Velesino. He belongs to the San Francisco Examiner, and it doesn't matter what you say, you can't have him."

"Well!" "Shut up!" "Well, he has cost me two drams for his food and care. Pay me that and it is all right."

Velesino thus rejoined the correspondent. His hotel bills were paid, and he was invited to some bread and milk. The rounds he fought with his bread and milk were simply too exciting for words. He was not satisfied with putting all of his features in the plate. He waded up to his knees, and his subsequent cargo was altogether out of proportion to his displacement. His shape became suddenly like that of a toy balloon, but it filled him with a sort of glad satisfaction, which was noticeable in his tipsy sailor walk.

On his way to Athens the pup received constant ovations. The Greek boy was on the box, and he elaborated his own experiences and, incidentally, the experiences of the pup. People gazed at Velesino with awe. He was such a rare thing that the correspondent was not sure whether he was going to grow to be a cow or a caterpillar, but the kilted mountaineers that studied him said that he was of the famous shepherd dog breed of the Greeks and was destined to be a big dog.

"Wait until he grows," they said, "and then if even 100 had men approach your house you need not fear." Looking at Velesino, asleep in a fluffy ball in the carriage, the correspondent rather thought that the number of bad men was over the limit.

At Thebes, while the correspondent lunched, Velesino waddled, or rather fell, around the floor of the cafe. The boys of the village congregated about him, and the Greek child, who thought he had been almost killed, dined on the experiences of himself and the dog. All these popular honors the pup accepted with his usual sublime indifference. He interested himself in certain surprising physical eccentricities. For instance, every time he tried to run he fell on his nose. When he tried to catch his tail, he fell on his shoulder. In fact, he was so much of a pup that he could fall in almost any direction with equal abandon. These maneuvers were also conducted without regard to the interest and admiration of the populace.

People do not usually talk about dogs, and so, before he reached Athens, he was easily the most famous dog in Greece. In Athens itself he was put up at the best hotel, and the honors he received befitted his social position.

At present he is with your correspondent. He has a personal attendant engaged at a fabulous salary. He is well known here already, and his appearance on the street causes popular demonstration. But he doesn't care. —Stephen Crane in San Francisco Chronicle.

## Forecasting the Progress of Invention.

There is another direction in which the airship would be seriously defective, and this is almost always overlooked, and that is in the matter of making landings. Being a large body, it would necessarily be unwieldy, and its motion in any direction could not be arrested in a very short space of time; therefore it could not make a landing within a limited area. In a dead calm it could probably be lowered in nearly a vertical line and thus make a landing in a contracted space but if the wind were blowing even at a moderate velocity the case would be different. As the wind is always blowing more or less, and as it frequently changes its course in a few seconds, the ship would be tossed about quite lively before it reached the ground. If it came down at the rate of 300 feet per minute, which is a high velocity, and the wind were blowing at the rate of ten miles per hour, the side drift would be three times as great as the vertical descent, and if this were counteracted by imparting a velocity to the ship equal to that of the wind and opposed to it the side drift would be doubled if the direction of the wind should suddenly reverse. It must therefore be evident that to be able to make a landing safely, without running the risk of colliding with church steeples and modern skyscrapers, it would be necessary to have a large open space. —William Baxter, Jr., in Popular Science Monthly.

## THE LOGS.

In thronged procession gliding slow The great logs sullenly seaward go.

A blind and blundering multitude They jostle on the swollen flood.

Nor guess the inevitable fate To meet them at the river gate.

When noiseless hours have lured them down To the wide booms, the busy town.

The mills, the chains, the screaming jaws Of the evicating saws.

Here in the murmur of the stream, Slow journeying, perchance they dream

And hear once more their branches sigh Far up the solitary sky.

Once more the rain winds softly moan Where aways the high green top alone.

Once more the inland eagles call From the white crag that broods o'er all.

But if beside some meadowy brink Where flowering willows lean to drink,

Some open beach at the river bend Where shallows in the sun extend,

They for a little would delay The huge tide hurries them away.

—Charles G. D. Roberts in Youth's Companion.

## ROLAND'S WIFE.

It was scorchingly hot in Carmichael one July afternoon. The streets were empty. Even the cathedral rocks were dozing, and the only signs of life seemed to be the chatter dimly heard through the door of the quaint old inn.

In the great cathedral it was less sunny, but almost equally close and oppressive.

Roland de la Fann felt as if the heat and dust of centuries were somehow shut into that vast nave and as if historical associations weighed on his tired brain.

He was one of a party being "shown round" the building. Here was the inevitable would be archaeologist, now two or three clergymen, a schoolmaster, and his class and a few young girls. In the crypt it was cooler, but damp and musty smelling. Through the heavy oak door passed the weary, but garrulous verger, his chattering flock at his heels. Then began more tiresome discussions about slates and squints.

"This ere," said the verger, raising his not too musical voice to drown the talking of the others, "this ere was once the private chapel of the De la Fannus. That stone marks where the altar stood. Over here is where Sir Gilbert Archemont defied the abbot in the year thirteen hundred and fifty. Notice this ere dog tooth molding—most perfect example of its kind in England."

"There is finer at Canterbury," growled one of the boys. "Pardon me, you must mean Lincoln—or is it York that I am thinking of?" said the archaeologist.

The descendant of the De la Fannus turned aside to his sister. She smiled and put her arm through his. "I am so tired!" she whispered. "Never mind, dear. We've nearly done, and we could not have left without seeing our old family tombs, so—" "The Le Fann tombs," broke in the panting verger. "They date back to 1810. This is the oldest of them all. Notice the rich work round the sides, and, as you see, the figure is missing from the top. It is the wife of old Sir Roland de la Fann, who died in the Old Land. His wife died of grief three days after the sad news reached her. The effigy is said to have been stolen, though some there are who say that life was given to it and it walked. I don't old with that myself. On this side are the tombs of Reginald and Sir Bevis de la Fann."

Roland spoke to the girl next him. "The effigy," said he, "that is missing from that tomb is the one of all others that I should most have liked to see. She was our great-grandmother, and, oh, I beg your pardon. I thought you were my sister."

It was a tall, slight girl, wrapped in a light grayish dust cloak, to whom he had spoken, and who now responded gracefully and with a shade of amusement in her manner.

The sudden transition from the dark crypt to the brilliant sunshine was bewildering. Roland and his sister stumbled along to the monastery ruins, and then, seated on a heap of fallen stone work, they rested. He was disappointed on looking round for his cloaked divinity to find that she had not followed them.

In Carmichael a quiet night succeeds the peaceful day. Roland sitting by his window, watched the round moon rising behind the fretted spire of the cathedral and was filled with a sudden longing.

His stay in the place had been brief and would end early on the morrow. The sketches he had made were few, and his visits to the cathedral had always been paid in company with others, in the "improving" society of the dean or in that of the unsympathetic verger. What if he were to stand out now, when the garish day was done and the moon high in the clear sky?

Yes, he would, he must go. The temptation was not to be resisted. He would study tracery and carving under the magic light which made their beauties seem as something unearthly. He rose and left the room, treading softly so as not to disturb the other inmates of the house. Quietly as he went the dean, sitting at work in the study, heard him and opened his door.

"Anything amiss, Roland?" he asked cheerfully.

Roland, half ashamed, confessed his romantic ideas. His sister, who surprised him by sympathizing with them, "By all means. Our lovely cathedral never looks more exquisite than by moonlight." "I should like," said Roland, taking courage, "to have one more look at the tombs and chapel of my ancestors before I leave."

"Certainly, certainly. You are a di-

rect descendant of Joan de la Fann, are you not?" "Yes. And I don't think the vandals who stole her effigy. I should have preferred that they had taken any of the others."

"Have you copied her epitaph yet, or sketched the tomb?" "No, I have had no good opportunity, but I should uncommonly like to do so before I go, and I shall not have time tomorrow."

He spoke wistfully, and the dean laughed. "Here, then," said he. "I see what you are fishing for. Take the keys. This large one opens the little north-west door, whence a staircase leads straight down to the back of the chapel. You can't make a mistake, only do not fall down the broken stairs, do not lose the keys, do not forget to lock up after you and, above all, don't set the place alight, or I'll never forgive you."

Roland promised everything required of him and went off. Roland sought and soon found the little door to which he had been directed and from which the steps led straight down into the crypt of the cathedral. The key made but little noise, and in the great stillness, and Roland, groping his way down, soon found himself at the back of the little chapel and in great darkness. Closing his eyes for awhile to accustom them to the change, he could soon distinguish the outlines of the arches and moved forward quite confidently.

Some might have thought the hour and place eerie, but Roland was neither nervous nor superstitious and boldly advanced to where the moonlight, finding oblique entrance through the grating in the roof and near one of the great windows of the cathedral above him, shone clearly and brightly over the tombs.

It has been said that he was neither nervous nor superstitious, but suddenly he stopped short, and the throbbing of his own heart seemed for the moment to startle him, for here, just before him, within touch of his hand, was the great table tomb and extended upon it, apparently, a recumbent female figure. Whoever, whether mortal or superhuman workman, had made such an effigy was possessed of no ordinary skill. The exquisite suggestion of repose conveyed by the graceful posture, the arrangement of the sculptured folds of raiment, the beautifully chiseled features, all were alike lovely, and Roland gazed at them long, as if he were literally entranced and not under the influence of some delusion of the senses, some trick of overexcited nerves, which must soon fade away. He fell on his knees on the stepped base of the monument and gently laid his lips on the white fingers which were so temptingly near him. As he did so a thrill seemed to pass through him and the delicate eyelids quivered, the shadowy lips parted in a faint sigh, and the next instant his statue was indeed imbued with life and spoke:

"Where am I? Oh, where am I?" Roland repeated the suggestion that she was reclining on her own tomb and spoke gently and as if her present position were a matter of course: "You are in the crypt of Carmichael cathedral."

The effigy sat up, pressing her cold hands to her now burning temples. Then she raised her great dark eyes to Roland's face. "I got into it," she said simply. "I lingered a moment to look at this tomb, because—well, because you were so much interested in it, and the verger never missed me—the pillars hid me. I heard the key grate in the lock and ran and called and banged, but no one came, and, oh, I was so frightened!" She was quivering with cold and shock, and Roland supported and comforted her. "But for you I might have staid here in this awful place all night," she murmured. "It's simply horrible!" she went on. "You wouldn't believe what noises there are when it's empty and no one here. What made you come back? Was it to look for me?" she asked naively.

He told her then how and why he had come back, giving her time to wipe away a few stray tears, which she hoped he did not see and to pull off the necktie from about her head. Then he found her hat for her in a shadowy nook and prepared to take her home.

She was glad of the support of his arm, and the clinging touch of her fingers sent a thrill through him which he seemed to feel long after they had parted. "I recognized you again at once," she said to him as they ascended the rickety staircase together. "I, too, remember you quite well. We were fellow tourists or sightseers this morning, and I have thought of you many times since and always as the lady in the gray cloak."

She smiled very humbly. "My real name," she said simply, "is Joan."

Roland started slightly, and as he pressed her hand at parting murmured beneath his breath:

"By the Will of God, Joan, the beloved wife of Roland de la Fann, Knight and Gentleman!"—Princess.

Humble Circumstances. "I can always tell a novel written by a woman."

"How?" "She makes the men characters so deadly sentimental."

"Well, I can always tell a novel written by a man."

"In what way?" "He makes all the woman characters so gentle and obedient."—Chicago Record.

The Sarcasmic Nobleman. "I am sorry, count, but papa says he'd rather see me dead than married to you."

"Inde-ed! Your father is evident-ly an—what you call—an economical person. He knows a funeral cost not so much as a wedding."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## Good Baking Powder

cannot be sold for 25 cents or 30 cents a pound. Cream of tartar is expensive and cream of tartar is necessary to good baking powder.

"Cheap" baking powder either contains alum (which is bad for the insides) or is badly made (does not do the work) or is weak.

Really cheap baking powder cannot be sold for these prices; but the cheapest of all is Schilling's Best—your money back if you don't like it—at your grocer's.

## LEGAL.

## Sonoma Road District. Notice.

A petition is now before the Board of Supervisors to divide the Sonoma Road District into two Road Districts, the proposed line to be the northern boundary of the Harvey School District from Vallejo Township to Sonoma Creek, thence along the southern boundary line of the Hearst ranch and a projection thereof in a straight line to the Napa county line.

The time set for the public hearing for or against said petition is Friday, November 5th at 1:30 o'clock P. M.

T. C. PUTNAM,  
Supervisor 1st District Sonoma County.

## Notice to Creditors.

Estate of MELCHIOR MARTI, deceased. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned Executrix of the estate of Melchior Marti, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix at her residence near the town of Sonoma, Sonoma county, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate.

ELIZABETH JENNY MARTI, Executrix for the Estate of Melchior Marti, deceased.  
JOHN S. ENOS, Attorney for the Estate.  
Dated, Sonoma, May 4th, 1897.

## Notice for Publication.

Land Office at San Francisco, Calif., August 28, 1897.  
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the County Clerk of Napa county, at his office in Napa, Calif., on Saturday, Oct. 30, 1897, viz: Max O. ROBERT, H. E. No. 3800, for the S. W. 1/4 of N. E. 1/4 and N. W. 1/4 of Sec. 15, T. 6 N., R. 5 W., M. D. M.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: W. H. Schmidt, Henry Miller, M. Bughelli and C. Rothe all of Napa county, Calif.  
JOHN P. DUNN, Register.

## MEAT MARKETS.

## Central Market.

SOUTH SIDE OF PLAZA, SONOMA.

HENRY MARTIN, Proprietor.

MAKES A SPECIALTY OF FINE

Beef, Mutton, Pork and Sausage.

Eastern Hams, Bacon Lard, Fresh Ranch Butter and Eggs.

Fresh Fish Every Thursday and Friday.

Vegetables Fresh from the Garden and Tropical and Semi-Tropical Fruits.

Orders delivered to all parts of the valley free of charge.

Weyl's Meat Market, Spain St., Sonoma.

HENRY WEYL, Proprietor.

Beef, Pork, Mutton, Sausage, Lard, Hams, Bacon, Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Vegetables, Etc., Etc.

GIVE ME A CALL.

## Weyl's Meat Market.

Spain St., Sonoma.

HENRY WEYL, Proprietor.

Beef, Pork, Mutton, Sausage, Lard, Hams, Bacon, Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Vegetables, Etc., Etc.

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GIVE ME A CALL.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

ED. WEGNER.

DEALER IN



SONOMA, OCTOBER 30, 1897.

H. H. GRANICE - EDITOR.

## "LET THERE BE LIGHT."

The proposition to establish in Sonoma an electric light plant has not been abandoned as many suppose. The gentlemen having the matter in hand have been diligently at work investigating a proposition which is entirely new to them. When they will have selected one of the many electric lighting systems in use as being best adapted to the needs of Sonoma, ascertained the cost of the plant and expenses of operating the same, they will then be in a position to canvass the town and see whether our people are willing to supplant coal oil and tallow candles for the more modern electric light.

The establishment and maintenance of an electric light plant in this town rests entirely with its people. If they will agree to patronize the proposed company by lighting their stores and dwellings with electricity the gentlemen having the project in hand will dig down into their pockets and do the rest. With a municipal ownership of water works (which is a foregone conclusion, as the proposition will surely carry when submitted to the people) and an electric lighting plant operated by local capital, Sonoma can then take her place among the progressive towns of California.

We trust that in this electric plant proposition the people of Sonoma will not "stand in their own light." They ought to be willing to pay twice as much for an electric light service as coal oil costs for a number of reasons:

First—Electric lights will keep insurance rates down, as there will be less liability from fire. Over one-half of the fires in dwellings are caused by coal oil lamps tipping over and exploding.

Second—There is less danger to life as well as property in electricity, as the long list of casualties in this State annually testify to which are directly due to the use of coal oil.

Third—Electric lights are cleaner and when once placed in position are a saving in both labor and expense. There are no lamps and lamp chimneys to be cleaned and replaced when broken.

Fourth—Electric lights burn steadier, are brighter and clearer than any known light in the world—in short, all will admit that coal oil "can't hold a candle" to an incandescent electric light.

These and many more counts can be made in favor of supplanting coal oil in this town with an electric lighting service.

Will the people of Sonoma meet the proposed local electric lighting company half way and modernize the old town by substituting the one for the other, or will they allow the croaking of the silurians and their organ to retard and keep back what, with its natural advantages, ought to be one of the progressive towns of our Golden State?

An exchange in pointing out the value of advertising says that a notice was recently published stating unless a buggy whip that had been stolen was returned to a certain back yard the thief, who it was claimed was known, would be arrested. The next morning seventeen buggies were picked up in the yard in question. "This," remarks the Oakland Tribune, "is something like the Texas storekeeper who, having left his place of business for awhile, was informed by his clerk on his return that a saddle had been disposed of on credit during his absence. The clerk, however, had forgotten to take the name of the customer, so in order to make sure that he would not be a loser, the storekeeper charged up every one of his patrons with a saddle on their next month's bills. Forty-five of them paid."

The California Winemakers' Corporation is suing Louis Mathe to have him restrained from transferring to outside parties certain wines which, the complaint alleges, Mathe contracted to sell to the corporation. The complaint states that 100,000 gallons of wine are involved and that Mathe has already disposed of part of it. The corporation wants the court to compel defendant to keep the alleged agreement.

## SCHELLVILLE SIFTINGS

Mrs. Amelia Bates of Sonoma spent last Sunday with her daughter, Mrs. McMullen.

Samuel Jones, brother of Senator John P. Jones, was the guest of Wm. Hamilton, manager of the Jones ranch near this place, on Sunday last.

Ducks are scarce in the marshes in this vicinity and there will be very poor shooting until the storms of winter set in, when the birds will be driven inland for shelter.

Mrs. Wm. Goodman of this place and Mrs. Wm. Burris of Sonoma have returned from San Francisco, where they represented Valley of the Moon Chapter, No. 85, at the Grand Chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star, in session in that city last week.

TRILLY, Schellville, Oct. 29, 1897.

CASTORIA.

County Cleanings.

The ten-round scrap between Flores and Parker, which took place before the Santa Rosa Athletic Club last Tuesday evening was declared a draw by referee Tom Sharkey. The bout was a lively one and is said to have been well worth the price of admission.

To-day County Superintendent E. W. Davis expects to be at his office in the Court House to take leave of the teachers and his friends prior to vacating the office. The following Monday noon Prof. C. H. Nielsen will enter upon the duties of Superintendent.

John Murray of Bodega took two ounces of laudanum early Sunday morning with suicidal intent. The young man was married on Wednesday of last week to a young lady named Clark, also of Bodega, and no cause is ascribed for the rash act. Medical aid was summoned from Bloomfield, and at last accounts the would-be self-destroyer was still alive, though in a serious condition. Murray went to a creek not far from his residence, where he took the poison and laid down to die.

The trial of Bert Matthews was commenced in Department Two, Judge Burnett presiding, at 10 o'clock Tuesday morning. Matthews is charged with attempting to assault fourteen-year-old May Fowler on Mark West Creek, September 13th. Matthews hailed from Sebastopol. The jury is as follows: M. M. Speegle, J. G. Woodward, G. C. Schelling, John Brown, George Ulrich, Joseph Simon, A. S. Luce, C. F. Burns, B. D. Kennedy, John Scrogan, W. R. Smith and W. D. Knapp.

A most brutal attack was made Tuesday evening about 8 o'clock on a widow lady named Mrs. Pomeroy, who resides in the neighborhood of Washington street. Mrs. Pomeroy was returning home after visiting a sick friend. When she was walking between the residence of Dr. Clark and the home of Dr. Clark a man stepped up behind her and put his arms around her and told her not to scream. The frightened woman called for assistance. The ruffian who held her told her to stop. She called again and then the man dealt her a violent blow in the face and left eye. The blow almost stunned her. The man then made off. Undoubtedly the man's motive was robbery. Mrs. Pomeroy can give only a very slight description of the man as it was quite dark.

Santa Rosa Press Democrat.

Housewives all, heed this call:

Where "Trophy" Baking Powder's used, digestion will be less abused.

Card of Thanks.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. H. Cornelius extend through these columns their heartfelt thanks to their many friends and neighbors for their sympathy and assistance during the illness and final death of their dearly beloved daughter, Magdalena.

Sonoma, October 30th, 1897.

CASTORIA.

County Cleanings.

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## COURT PROCEEDINGS.

DEPARTMENT ONE—DOUGHERTY, J.

Estate of Joel Ragan—Continued to December 6th.

Estate of Wm. Bihler—Continued to November 1st.

Estate of Joseph Clark—Final account allowed, distribution ordered.

Estate of S. Carstensen—Sale of personal property confirmed.

Estate and guardianship of Julia Tomasi—First annual account settled.

Estate of Edward Surryhne—Will admitted, Elizabeth M. Surryhne appointed executrix, bond \$38,000.

Thos. Colehan vs. Allen, Sheriff—Set for December 1st.

Hardin vs. Sinclair—Dropped from calendar by consent.

Cassessa vs. Bailiff—Demurrer to fifth amended complaint submitted and taken under advisement.

Gibson vs. Scott—Continued to November 1st.

DEPARTMENT TWO—BURNETT, J.

Petaluma Mutual Loan Association vs. A. Madelina et al.—Order making J. B. Thompson party defendant.

Wm. Poulson vs. Edna Poulson—Plaintiff granted divorce and custody of child.

Estate of Louisa M. Mills—Wm. Mills made administrator, bond \$3,000.

Mary E. Spotswood vs. Thomas H. Spotswood—M. H. Peerman appointed guardian ad litem.

Julia Barry vs. John Zanoni—Trial set for November 9th.

H. H. Brown vs. Mary L. Brown—Set for trial.

Barham & Miller vs. J. H. Brush—Set for November 19th.

Estate of John B. Smith—Continued to November 1st.

People vs. David Lodge—Plea set for November 1st.

People vs. Geo. Reagan and Wm. Herges—Dismissed.

People vs. Reagan and Herges—Dismissed.

Estate of John Smith—Opposition to contest to final account of H. H. Atwater argued. Lippett & Lippett granted 3 days to file briefs; case to be submitted on motion.

"Away with Melancholy,

And bid dull care, avenge," sounds very well in verse, but if you have a case of the "blues" caused by indigestion, with biliousness added on as an extra horror, you cannot say hey! presto! and thus insure the departure of those abominable twins. The "proper" cure when thus troubled, is to seek the aid of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Thereafter you will speedily digest with ease and eat with appetite, and your liver will resume its right to regularity. Not only this, you can retire without a horrible dread that the Washington monument will be in your stomach. If you feel premonitory symptoms of chills and fever, kidney trouble, or rheumatism, summon the Bitters to the rescue without delay. "Test a worse thing than you." A feeble condition of the system is more speedily changed to a vigorous one by this fine tonic than by any other medicinal agency in existence. A wineglassful three times a day.

Try Schilling's Best Tea and baking powder.

The Wonders of Science.

LUNG TROUBLE AND CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.

AN EMINENT NEW YORK CHEMIST AND SCIENTIST MAKES A FREE OFFER TO OUR READERS.

The distinguished New York chemist, T. A. Slocum, demonstrating his discovery of a reliable and absolute cure for Consumption (Pulmonary Tuberculosis) and all bronchial, throat, lung and chest diseases, stubborn coughs, catarrhal affections, general decline and weakness, loss of flesh, and all conditions of wasting away, will send THREE FREE BOTTLES (all different) of his New Discoveries to any afflicted reader of the INDEX-TRIBUNE writing for them.

His "New Scientific Treatment" has cured thousands permanently by its timely use, and he considers it a simple professional duty to suffering humanity to donate a trial of his infallible cure.

Science daily develops new wonders, and this great chemist, patiently experimenting for years, has produced results as beneficial to humanity as can be claimed by any modern genius. His assertions that lung troubles and consumption are curable in any climate is proven by "heart-felt letters of gratitude" filed in his American and European laboratories in thousands from those cured in all parts of the world.

Medical experts concede that bronchial, chest and lung troubles lead to consumption, which, uninterupted, means speedy and certain death.

Simply write to T. A. Slocum, M. C., 98 Pine street, New York, giving postoffice and express address, and the free medicine will be promptly sent. Sufferers should take instant advantage of his generous proposition.

Please tell the Doctor that you saw his offer in the INDEX-TRIBUNE.

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## Marvelous Effects

System Broken Down and Hope Almost Abandoned—Health Restored by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"For fifteen years I have suffered with catarrh and indigestion and my whole system was broken down. I had almost abandoned any hope of recovery. I purchased six bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and its effects have been marvelous. It has made me feel like a new man. I am able to sleep well, have a good appetite, and I have gained several pounds in weight." JAMES WILDER, Oroville, Wash.

"I had a scrofula swelling on one side of my neck and ulcerated sores in my nostrils, caused by catarrh. I also had small, itching sores on my limbs. I bought three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and began taking it and the sores soon healed. My blood is purified, and the scrofula has disappeared." O. D. McMANUS, Mission, Washington.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, indigestion, biliousness. 25 cents.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

NEW TO-DAY.

City Hotel.

WEST SIDE OF PLAZA, SONOMA.

Having remodeled, renovated and newly furnished the above Hotel the undersigned will conduct the same as a first-class resort. THE TABLE will always be supplied with the best the market affords.

Finest Sonoma Valley Wines 5c per Glass.

L. QUARTAROLI, Proprietor.

THE CAMPI RESTAURANT.

HENRY JURY, PROPRIETOR.

First-Class Meals at all Hours.

Choice Wine, Liquors and Cigars

519 THIRD STREET, SANTA ROSA.

DANCING CLASS.

A dancing class will be inaugurated Tuesday evening, November 2nd, at WEYL'S HALL, Sonoma, Cal. Social Saturday evening. Dancing commences at 8 P. M. sharp. Admission 25 cents.

COME ONE! COME ALL! O. F. ADAMS, Instructor.

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. C. MILLS & CO.

Stationery,

School Supplies,

Plated, Glass,

Wood, Tin and Willow Ware.

CROCKERY,

School Supplies,

Toys, Notions, Etc.

801 Main Street, Petaluma, Cal.

THE PLACE To Trade.

HEMENWAY & McALLISTER GROCERS.

McNear's Building, Lower Main st., Petaluma.

Subscribe for the INDEX-TRIBUNE

## HOTELS.

Union Hotel,

NAPA ST., SONOMA.

First-Class Resort for Commercial Travelers and Families.

A. A. ENKE, PROPRIETOR

UNION HALL.

Attached to the Hotel is the largest public hall in Sonoma, fitted up with stage, scenery, etc., which can be rented on reasonable terms.

SONOMA HOUSE

Sonoma, Cal.

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# INDEX-TRIBUNE

SONOMA, OCTOBER 30, 1897.

CITY OFFICIAL PAPER.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

## LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

### AN OLD LADY'S ADVENTURES.

### Loses Her Way in the Darkness and Wanders Aimlessly Around All Night.

Mrs. Fay, mother of D. Fay, an employee of the San Francisco & North Pacific Railway Company in this place, lost her way while returning home, on Monday evening last, and wandered aimlessly about all night. It appears that Mrs. Fay, who is nearly 70 years of age, returned on that evening from a visit to friends in San Francisco. The old lady started from the depot for the Pickett place, a quarter of a mile from town, where she is living with the McGill family. She was accompanied most of the way by Mrs. Pohley, who left her within a few hundred yards of her destination. In attempting to reach the house the aged lady became confused and lost her way and wandered about until long past midnight, when she became exhausted and lay down under the cypress trees which border the ranch on the west, where she was found at day-break next morning.

Mrs. Fay's disappearance was discovered about 9 o'clock and a party composed of John Stedman, D. Fay, Frank and George McGill and others searched the ranch and surrounding country nearly all night with lanterns in the vain endeavor to find the old lady, who could hear the shouts of the searchers, but was too feeble to answer them.

Fortunately the night was a remarkably warm one for October, else Mrs. Fay would surely have perished. After being found she was taken to her home and put to bed, and in a few hours had entirely recovered from the effects of her wanderings and consequent exposure.

### CLAUDE BURLINGAME INJURED

### While Exercising a Race Horse the Animal Drops Dead and Falls Upon Him.

Claude Burlingame, the well-known jockey and turfman, who is known to almost everybody in Sonoma Valley, narrowly escaped with his life at the Ingleside race track, San Francisco, on Wednesday morning last. He was exercising the race horse Tempestuous and while putting him through a fast gallop around the course the animal burst a blood vessel and fell dead in his tracks. Burlingame fell under him, and horse and rider lay motionless, the one dead, the other unconscious. The attendants at the track who witnessed the accident ran to the spot and found that Burlingame was bleeding from a severe wound on the head. One of his legs was under the body of the dead horse, and considerable difficulty was experienced in extricating it. When at last the jockey was freed it was found that the bone of the ankle was badly crushed. Burlingame remained insensible in spite of the efforts to revive him. A telephone message was sent to the Golden Gate Park Hospital, and an ambulance was sent to Ingleside. He was hurried to the hospital, where he regained consciousness and the physicians announced that he would recover.

### An Insolvent Debtor.

C. P. Ruffner, formerly of this place, but who lately opened a job printing office in Santa Rosa, has been declared to be an insolvent debtor by the Superior court of this county and the 1st day of November has been set by the court for the creditors to prove their debts and choose an assignee.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

## IN JAIL.

### Geo. Cozine and Louis Fouts

### Arrested by Deputy Sheriff Ohm.

Geo. Cozine and Louis Fouts, residents of this place, were arrested Thursday by Deputy Sheriff Ohm and lodged in the Santa Rosa jail. Fouts was captured near Cordelia, whither he fled to escape arrest. The officer had been looking for him ever since his hasty departure from town several weeks ago. He is accused of purloining articles from Schocken's store in this place.

Geo. Cozine was taken into custody on a warrant issued by Judge Cheney, which charged him with arson in setting fire to R. B. Thomas' barn on Napa street on October 4th.

These arrests, it is said, will no doubt lead to the apprehension of a regular organized band of firebugs who have kept this town in a state of terror the past few months.

Fouts is well-known here. He has been employed off and on in Poppe's wine cellar and distillery. Cozine is a laborer and at the time of his arrest was temporarily employed by S. Schocken in loading blocks on flat cars at the depot grounds for shipment to San Francisco.

### Sonoma Property in Jeopardy.

The receiver of the defunct California National Bank of San Diego has advertised in one of the newspapers of that city that on the 15th day of November, 1897, he will sell to the highest bidder for cash "all those certain lots situated in former pueblo, now City of Sonoma, County of Sonoma, State of California, and described on official map of said City of Sonoma as lots numbered 389, 391, 392, 393, 394 and 395, together with a certain strip of land lying between lots 389 and 391 and 394 and 395, formerly known as 'A' street."

The above described lots are known as the Isabella Mutch place, which adjoins the Catholic Church property on the west and extends to Fifth-street West, between Napa and Spain streets.

### Death of a Little Girl.

The "grim monster death" has been unkind to the people of Sonoma the past month, sparing neither old age or youth. Last week we recorded several deaths in this valley. This week it becomes our painful duty to add to the list a bright little girl who has went to that "land from whence no traveler ever returns."

On Sunday morning Lilley, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Castagnasso, died at the home of her parents of bronchitis and pneumonia. The deceased was a bright little girl and the idol of her parents and her death has created a void in the family circle that will never be filled. The funeral took place Tuesday afternoon and was largely attended.

### Returned from the "Manless Isle."

George Spanning, one of the adventurous spirits who set sail about a year ago in the brig Percy Edwards for any old island in the South Seas, arrived in San Francisco one day last week from New Caledonia and is expected in town to-day. George, during his absence in the South Seas, has passed through many vicissitudes, but for all that he returns to Sonoma just as well off in this world's goods as he ever was. In so far as experience is concerned, however, he is as rich as a returned Klondyker.

### Entered a Plea of Not Guilty.

A. H. Chessmore, charged with criminal libel, was arraigned before the Superior Court at Santa Rosa, Monday, and plead not guilty of the offense charged against him. He was represented in court by attorney W. F. Cowen. Judge Burnett set the case for trial for Tuesday, November 23rd. The defendant is under a bond of \$300 with the following sureties: Henry Weyl, J. E. Robin and Robt. Poppe.

### Prosperous Sonoma.

[Santa Rosa Press Democrat.] The new street at Sonoma from the plaza to the railroad depot will soon be completed and will be of great convenience. The agitation for a municipal ownership of water works at Sonoma is said to be getting stronger every day. It is probable that nothing will be done in the matter until the Supreme Court renders a decision in the San Luis Obispo case. Then the proposition will be submitted to the voters and it is thought they will declare themselves in favor of it. When the question of water works is decided, it is said, an electric lighting plant will be established by private capital.

## GLEN ELLEN ITEMS.

A hot north wind blew for a couple of days the past week.

Grape picking and wine making still continues in these parts. Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Phillips have taken up their residence with Mrs. Harper for the winter.

A. W. Simpson has been given the contract to paint the new cottage on O'Donnel avenue.

J. W. Gibson has about finished painting the county bridge at this place. It looms up bright and red.

Miss Lucy Clawson returned home Wednesday after a two month's visit with relatives in Napa county.

Mr. W. J. Ping, farm Superintendent at the California Home, has been in the northern part of the county the past week buying cattle.

Conductor Johnson of the S. F. & N. P. Railway visited San Francisco on Thursday last. During his absence the genial Charlie Gilbert took his run.

The wine-makers' harvest dance, which will be held at Mervyn Hall, Saturday evening, promises to be a grand success. Excellent music will be furnished by the Glen Ellen Orchestra.

ENTERPRISE.  
Glen Ellen, October 29, 1897.

### The Weather and Grapes.

The weather the past week has been most favorable for grapes and our vineyardists will now be enabled to dispose of their entire crop to the wineries in this valley, as they now contain the requisite percentage of sugar to ensure good sound wine. Grape picking and wine making, if present weather continues, will cease early in November. The present season has been a lucky one to those of our farmers who were so fortunate as to diversify their crops with a few acres of vineyard.

### Will of the Late Henry Winkle.

The will of Henry Winkle, who died near this place on Thursday last week, has been filed for probate in San Francisco. The deceased leaves his entire estate, consisting of real and personal property in that city and Sonoma Valley, to his widow, Mrs. Johannah Winkle. The value of the estate is not stated in the will.

### Sonoma Apples for Honolulu.

John Batto & Son will ship by the Australia, which sails from San Francisco next Tuesday, sixty boxes of Sonoma Valley winter apples to Honolulu.

### New Advertisements.

The Campi Restaurant, Santa Rosa, is one of the most popular transient resorts in that city. Henry Jury, the successor of the late Julius Bizzini, is conducting the restaurant in a first-class manner and it is just as popular as ever. Don't forget to go there if you want a good meal for 25c and up. See adv. in another column.

Mr. O. F. Adams, the well-known San Francisco instructor in dancing will open up a school in Weyl's Hall on Tuesday evening, November 2nd. Mr. Adams comes to Sonoma highly recommended and will no doubt secure a large dancing class, as his charges are only 25 cents a lesson. To those of our young people who desire to learn to "trip the light fantastic" and become experts in the very latest dances we take pleasure in recommending Mr. Adams as a dancing master. His advertisement, which appears in another column, also announces a social hop every Saturday evening.

F. Cleve announces in this week's issue bargains in clothing, rubber goods, groceries, etc. Read his adv. and call and see for yourself.

The City Hotel will be thrown open to the public this evening. Mr. L. Quartaroli, the proprietor, extends a cordial invitation to his friends and patrons to be present. This hotel, under the new management, will be conducted in a first-class manner. See advertisement under the head of "New To-day."

Hale Bros & Co., Petaluma, advertise in this issue bargains in ladies and childrens' underwear and hosiery and new dress goods and silks.

## Quick!

The sooner you begin to use Schilling's Best tea and baking powder, the better your opportunity to get some of that \$2000.00.

And the more you will enjoy your cake and eating.

A Schilling & Company  
San Francisco

2025

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. All druggists.

## PERSONAL AND SOCIAL

### And Other Matters of Interest to the General Reader.

Items of a personal and social nature are thankfully received at this office.

M. Riebli visited San Francisco on business Tuesday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. P. Hill of Eldridge visited friends in San Francisco last Tuesday.

Mrs. K. J. Harvey of Fulton is the guest of her brother, J. M. Cheney, and family.

W. P. Edwards, Secretary at the California Home, visited his family in Petaluma Sunday.

Mrs. C. H. Flower of this valley is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Robt. McPeake of San Francisco.

Miss Hannah Dorman came up from San Francisco Tuesday evening to visit with Sonoma relatives.

Miss Sadie McHarvey, who has been visiting in Alameda county, returned home Wednesday evening.

Clarence Nauman came up from his San Francisco home last Monday to visit Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bates.

Wm. Chase, Jr., Joseph Delmas and the Ladoure brothers of San Francisco visited Sonoma last Sunday.

Mrs. G. M. Chase and her son George left for San Francisco last Saturday, after a three week's visit on the Seipp farm.

Frido Cleve, Kurt Schlus and Miss Cecilia Granice, students at the University of California, spent Saturday and Sunday in Sonoma.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Appleton and family have leased the Clark cottage on Broadway, where they will shortly take up their residence.

F. Grothaus, who has been quite ill the past few months, left for San Francisco last Tuesday for medical treatment at the German Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Hirschfeld will leave this morning for San Francisco, where they will take up their residence for the next three months.

Mrs. R. E. Whitefield returned to her home in San Francisco Thursday, after spending a few days with her brother H. C. Luigens and family.

Miss Agnes Duhring sprained her ankle so badly one day this week that in consequence she is confined to her home under the care of a physician.

Wm. E. Thomas has returned from Los Angeles and Kern counties. Among other towns visited was Randsburg, where he met Bailey Birdsall, who sends his regards to all his Sonoma friends.

Mollie Viola, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reigleth, died in Cordelia last Wednesday of pneumonia. Mrs. M. Pohley of this place attended the funeral, which took place Thursday afternoon.

Harry Perry returned from San Francisco on Tuesday evening entirely recovered from his late illness. While in the city he took a course of treatment at the Hamman steam baths, which entirely removed all traces of rheumatism in his system.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Madison will enter their little son, Clinton, aged 3 years, in the Baby Show which opens in Petaluma this afternoon. Clinton is plump and pretty with hair of sunny gold and his eyes are large and dark. Such a type of beauty is sure to win the prize.

The sheet and pillow case surprise party given to Will Cleve in honor of the 19th anniversary of his birth, on Friday evening of last week, was a decided success.

A number of young ladies and gentlemen assembled at the home of Miss Agnes Duhring early in the evening and about 8:30 o'clock marched to the Cleve residence, where the ghost-like forms glided in, there to await the coming of the young gentleman of the house.

They did not have to wait long, for soon he arrived and his astonishment can be imagined when he beheld the residence in possession of phantom visitors. However, he quickly recovered from his surprise and bade the guests welcome. The spacious parlors were thrown open, when the waltz and two-step were danced for some time. After dancing came a cake walk, which was participated in by the young people present. Miss Elsie Appleton and Mr. Kurt Schlus of San Francisco won the cake, being the best sustained characters. This feature of the evening was followed by games and vocal and instrumental refreshments were served.

The young host left nothing undone that could in any way add to the pleasure of his guests.

Mr. Bailey Birdsall, who left this place for Randsburg, Kern county, last March, is now a prosperous merchant in that lively mining town. Mr. Birdsall, during his residence in Sonoma Valley, made many friends here who will be pleased to hear of his success.

## DOWN

Go the Prices, to Clear Up Stock.

MASON Pint Fruit Jars 45c Dozen

LIGHTNING Pint Fruit Jars \$1 Dozen

TIN COVER JELLIES 25c

MASON RUBBERS Two Box 5c

JELLY PRESSES

RESTED or SOLD. Saves both time and strength.

Lots of remainders of Summer Stock in

CROCKERY, GLASS, Etc.

to be sold at any price to clear up lines and make room for my Fall and Winter goods soon to arrive.

BARGAINS

In all lines. Come early and you'll be happy.

Atwater's,

BOOK, MUSIC & CROCKERY STORE,

863 Main St., Petaluma

See

Mrs. George of Ukiah is here visiting with her daughter, Mrs. Ella Hartin.

A. Pinelli, accompanied by his little daughter, visited San Francisco last Tuesday.

Miss Katie Monahan of San Francisco is spending a few days with Sonoma friends.

The millinery establishment of Mrs. G. H. Hotz is doing a rushing business these days. Miss Annie Pemberton is employed as chief milliner and Miss Nettie Thomas as assistant.

Mr. A. H. Huddart, the contractor and builder of Agua Caliente, has completed the residence of Mr. J. M. Shannon near the Spreckels ranch. Mr. Shannon, who is at present occupying the Powell cottage, will move into his new home next week.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Kevlin, San Francisco, was crowded with merry guests on last Saturday evening in honor of the first anniversary of the marriage of their daughter Lizzie to George W. Estes, formerly of this place. Five large rooms were brilliantly lighted with Japanese lanterns. Music, games and dancing were commenced at nine o'clock. At 11:30 o'clock a sumptuous supper was served, after which dancing was resumed. Professor Wm. McDevitt, also a former resident of Sonoma, played several piano selections and was warmly applauded. Many beautiful evening costumes were worn. Mrs. Estes looked charming in a Nile green tulle trimmed with white lace and ribbon. Miss May Estes looked as petite as ever in a pink grenadine trimmed in black velvet ribbon. At four o'clock the guests departed after giving the young couple a hearty Rahl Rahl Rahl and hoping that they would live to celebrate many returns of the day.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. J. Kevlin, Misses M. and G. Kevlin, Misses A. and M. Kevlin, Miss Pearl Estes, Mrs. J. Henry, Mrs. J. Croder, Miss M. Estes, Miss E. Estes, Mrs. Geo. Estes, Sr., Miss F. McDonald, Miss F. Fitzgerald, Miss L. Keefe, Mr. Cronk, J. Henry, H. McGrath, J. Croder, A. Joy, G. Haskell, A. Cowen, C. Dougherty, Chester Smith, Fred. Smith, Will Smith, T. Valentine, J. Le Vere, T. Floyd, T. Johnson and Fred. and Ed. Estes.

Deafness Cannot be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a running sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Highest Market Price Paid for Dried Fruit.

Parties having dried fruit for sale will consult their interest by calling on John Batto & Son, Vineyard Station, Sonoma county, Cal. - P. O. address, Sonoma.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Broma Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

CASTORIA.

The Family Signature of Dr. J. C. Hart.

It is a great remedy.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

## SCOTT & VEALE

### HARDWARE, FARM IMPLEMENTS.

Stoves, Tinware and Pumps.

ALL KINDS OF PIPE AND PLUMBING GOODS AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

We Keep the Best Windmill on Earth.

868-870 MAIN ST., PETALUMA.

## S. SCHOCKEN,

DEALER IN

### General Merchandise

Will sell everything in his store at a small percentage. No old-time profits, but only small interest on the money invested.

Before going out of town to buy go and see

## S. SCHOCKEN'S

NORTH SIDE OF PLAZA, SONOMA.

Get our CASH prices before going out of town

Agent for Wm. Radam's Microbe Killer.

### Don't Forget

TO GO TO

## BUCKIUS & MARTINELLI,

DEALERS IN

STOVES, RANGES, TIN AND COPPERWARE, SHEET IRON, HARDWARE, WINDMILLS, WATER, GAS, TERRA

COTTA AND SEWER PIPE.

### Blue Flame Oil Stoves,

Improved Steel Star Windmills

INCUBATOR and BROODER work receive careful attention.

Orders for Plumbing, Gas-fitting, Jobbing, etc., promptly and satisfactorily filled.

Foot of MAIN STREET, near cor. of B STREET, PETALUMA, CAL.

## H. H. GRANICE.

### REAL ESTATE AGENT.

SONOMA, CAL.

### FULL OF INTEREST

A store full of bright, seasonable ideas in delectable goods—in what is newest and most desirable in the season's merchandise—with the most reasonable prices prevailing, makes our store a place of interest to those who practice economy in their purchases. We invite your inspection and comparison.

### Ladies' Underwear

It's here you will find the best values in Ladies' heavy Jersey Ribbed Underwear, fleece lined, Natural Gray or Ecru, prices 25c and 50c. Heavy Gray Merino Vests 50c each. Natural Gray Oneita Union Suits 50c each, also the fine Woolen Underwear in white or natural gray, prices 75c and \$1.00 each.

### Childrens' Underwear

Natural Gray or White Merino Underwear, in all sizes from 16 to 34, prices 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c and 50c. Natural Gray or Ecru Ribbed Vests and Pants for children, ages 6 to 12 years, prices 25c each. In better grades fine Natural Gray woolen underwear for all ages, prices 35c to 75c each.

### Ladies and Childrens' Woolen Hosiery

Ladies' heavy Ribbed Woolen Hose, Black or Gray, prices 25c and 35c per pr. Fine, nice quality Cashmere Hose 35c and 50c pr pr. Infants and Childrens' fine Cashmere Hose in Black, Tan or White, prices 25c and 35c per pr.

### New Dress Goods and Silks

Our stock is complete with all the new ideas in stylish Dress Goods, Pattern Suits—only one of a kind, no two alike. Prices 50c, 75c and \$1.00 per yd. We have a big line of Fancy Mixtures in Tweeds and Cheviots, price 25c per yd. Also fancy Brocades and Serges, price 25c per yd. New Plaids 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per yd. New Silks in fancy Brocades, Roman Stripes and Changeable Taffetas, prices 75c and 90c per yd.

### Perfect Fitting Garments

Add zest to the enjoyment of any occasion. In no material can be secured that chic, dressy effect unless the paper pattern used is a perfect one. Recognized as the standard of pattern excellence are the New Idea Patterns, the standard of pattern economy as well. Never more than 10 cents each. For sale only at

## HALE BROS & CO.,

LARGEST STORE IN PETALUMA.



H. H. GRANICE, Proprietor.

SONOMA, SATURDAY, OCT. 30, 1897.

## FORGIVENESS.

I sat in the evening pool  
Of the heat baked city street  
Musing and watching a little  
Who played on the walk at my feet.  
A boy, the elder, of strong, rough mold;  
His sister, a blossom sweet.  
When just in the midst of their play  
Came an angry cry and a blow  
That bruised the cheek of the little maid  
And caused bright tears to flow  
And brought from my lips quick, sharp re-  
proof.  
On the lad who had acted so.  
And he stood by, sullen and hard,  
While the maid soon dried her tear.  
He looked at her with an angry eye.  
She timidly drew near.  
"Don't be cross, Johnny!" (a little sob).  
"Let me forgive 'oo, dear!"  
And the cloud is passed and gone,  
And again in their play they meet.  
And the strong, rough boy wears a kinder  
mien,  
And brighter the maiden sweet,  
While a whisper has come from the heart  
of God  
To a man, a man on the street.  
—English Illustrated Magazine.

## A MANTRAP CAB.

"Lost!"  
I was standing in a room of a west  
end (London) gambling den watching  
a party of about 15 players engaged in  
the game of roulette et noir.  
This night my eye had been particu-  
larly kept upon a short, dark haired  
man, evidently a foreigner. He was  
playing heavily. From his pocket he  
brought up at first single pieces of gold,  
then, as he lost—he had terrible luck—  
he placed down on the table small  
handfuls of sovereigns. He had just  
now lost £10 at a swoop. Then he pro-  
duced a banknote and laid it down.  
"Excuse me, sir," inquired the bank-  
er, "how much do you shake?"  
"One hundred pounds," said the man.  
"Thank you," remarked the banker  
politely.  
The game went on, and the cards  
were turned up. With an exclamation  
the player rose from his seat and pushed  
his chair back. He had lost once more.  
As he left the place I followed him. He  
walked swiftly on for a long time  
through the now almost deserted streets,  
for it was nearly 2 o'clock in the morn-  
ing. At length he came to a house in a  
dismal street off the Tottenham Court  
road, in one of the top rooms of which  
there was a dim light burning, opened  
the door with his key and entered.  
I had an idea somehow that that ad-  
dress might prove useful to me, and I  
was standing close to the door noting  
its number when the door suddenly  
opened and my man again appeared,  
bareheaded, ghastly pale and breathless.  
"Help, help!" he gasped. "She has  
killed herself—she is dying! I have  
murdered her—murdered her!"  
I dashed in, and, rushing up the  
stairs, made my way to that dimly lit  
room, the man following close at my  
heels. In it, sitting in a chair beside the  
fireplace, was a woman, young and  
pretty, but now with her face convulsed  
with pain. She seemed nearly uncon-  
scious and was breathing heavily. On  
the floor beside her was a small, round,  
empty bottle.  
Sending him to wake up the people  
of the house and dispatch some one for  
a doctor, I had in less than five minutes  
administered an emetic to the girl in  
the shape of a strong dose of mustard  
and water.  
As she lay there, apparently dying,  
the man leaned over her, sobbing, tear-  
ing his hair and talking in French.  
"And that crime was all for nothing.  
The thousand pounds! I have gambled  
them away. Annette, forgive me. I  
thought I should make my fortune.  
But that scoundrel Repau shall give me  
money. I will make him!"  
What had Despard (that was his  
name) been up to? The arrival of the  
doctor, who saw to the girl and assured  
us he would answer for her recovery,  
brought my stay to an end.  
I didn't sleep a wink that night.  
I had one eye all through the weary hours  
on Despard's door. About 9 o'clock in  
the morning he came out, and I follow-  
ing him, made his way to a house off  
Leicester square. He was inside an  
hour, and I discovered from one of the  
servants that he had called upon M.  
Belpard, another Frenchman. Was Bel-  
pard Repau? I wondered. Naturally  
enough, I wanted to discover something  
about him, and letting M. Despard have  
a rest I transferred my attentions to  
his friend.  
Only a few minutes after Despard had  
left M. Belpard came out with a bag in  
his hand. He hailed a cab, was driven  
to Waterloo station, and took a first  
class ticket to Southampton. Unknown  
to him, I saw him off and was then  
driven back to his lodgings. Inquiring  
for M. Belpard, I said I was M. Bel-  
pard's particular friend, almost his  
brother. Alas, it was most unfortunate  
that I had missed him! I would, how-  
ever, go to his room and write a letter  
to him.  
Shown into Belpard's apartment, you  
may guess I very quickly examined it  
when the servant had left me to write  
that letter. There was nothing particu-  
lar in the place save a black leather bag  
which I found under the bed, a com-  
mon black bag with a mark on the brass  
part of the handle, the mark of a fire.  
An hour later there were keen eyes at  
Southampton and at London on the  
lookout for M. Belpard, or rather, for  
Repau, for he it was.  
For over a week every watch was  
kept, every search made for that gentle-  
man. All was vain. M. Belpard had  
disappeared.  
Despard was still at his lodgings. I  
called on him one day.  
"M. Despard," I suddenly asked  
him, "would you like to earn £1000?"  
"A hundred pounds!" he gasped. "It  
would be a godsend—a fortune! We are  
absolutely starving—Annette, my wife,  
and I."  
"Then," I said, "tell me where  
Repau is."  
"You know all then?" he almost  
screamed.  
"I know a great deal," I answered.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.  
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever.  
10c, 25c, 50c. If C.C.C. fail, druggists refund money.

"If you make a clean breast of it, tell  
me all and help me to run down Repau,  
£1000 is yours, and you shall be held  
harmless."  
He paused a moment and then went  
on: "Repau has acted to me like a  
scoundrel. I'll tell all."

Thousands of pounds are conveyed  
daily from the chief London banks to  
their branch establishments in the sub-  
urbs or the city. A branch bank want-  
ing cash sends a couple of clerks to the  
head office, the money required is placed  
in black leather bags, a cab (four  
wheeled) is hailed, the clerks enter  
with the treasure, and with the win-  
dow up are driven away to their branch  
office.

This practice has for many years past  
attracted the attention of gangs of ele-  
gant thieves, and thousands of pounds are  
often lost in transit.

Shortly before my interview with  
Despard a sum of £5,000 in gold and  
£1,000 in silver had been taken.

About 10 o'clock in the morning two  
clerks from a branch had arrived at one  
of the biggest central banks, and pro-  
ducing their authority to receive the  
money the cash had been put into bags,  
a passing cab hailed, and the clerks and  
the cash seen safely into it.

They did not arrive at the branch  
office. Inquiry and search were made  
for them, and at length the two men  
were found unconscious, seated in a cab,  
of which the driver had disappeared in a  
byroad off Hampstead in the north  
of London. The bags of money had  
gone, and what had occurred to them  
the two clerks could not say. They had  
ridden on with the windows of the cab  
up, on their way to the branch office.  
Then they had suddenly lost their senses.

On examination it was found that  
the cab was a "make up" one. It be-  
longed to no owner of cabs in London.  
It was a mantrap, devised for the per-  
petration of one of the cleverest rob-  
beries of modern times, a robbery in  
which it seemed we should never dis-  
cover the actors, for weeks passed and  
no clue to them was found, though  
£5000 was offered privately by the bank  
for their arrest.

It was by that mark on the handle of  
the black bag in Repau's room that I  
was convinced he was one of the thieves.  
The bag was one of the bank's, and the  
mark had been placed upon it for iden-  
tification.

"I will tell you all," said Despard.  
"Repau was an acquaintance of mine.  
I was a mechanic. He came to me one  
day and said, 'Despard, have you heard  
of that new machine in which they kill  
cats and dogs?' I hadn't. 'They put  
them into an almost airtight box,' he  
went on, 'and pump in poisoned air.  
They are dead in no time. Despard,  
you are poor. I have a scheme by which  
we may make a fortune.'"

In a few words he laid his plot be-  
fore him—to buy a cab, alter it so that  
when the windows were closed it would  
be almost airtight, while through a  
tube passing into the cab air powerfully  
drugged might be pumped into the  
vehicle by an arrangement worked by  
the driver's foot.

Despard set to work. In less than ten  
days the trap cab was upon the London  
streets. For three days it hovered  
around the bank doors. On the fourth  
it was engaged.

"The driver was, of course, an ac-  
complice," went on Despard. "The ap-  
paratus worked wonderfully. Before  
they dreamed of danger the clerks were  
rendered insensible by the drugged air  
and were being driven to Hampstead.  
Repau and I following. In a quiet spot  
the cab stopped, Repau rushed to the  
door, threw it open, grasped the bags,  
sprang with them into our trap, and  
with the driver of the cab we all set off  
at full speed."

"And what became of the money?" I  
asked.

"I had £1,000," he answered, "the  
sham cab driver, £400. Repau, like a  
scoundrel, laid hands on the rest."

"And where is he?" I asked eagerly.  
Despard mournfully shook his head.  
"I do not know," he replied.  
He certainly did not. That reward  
of £5000 slipped through my fingers  
after all, for Repau, that clever rascal,  
had shown us so clean a pair of heels  
that we never came up with him again.  
I would have given much to have once  
more met my "very dear friend, almost  
brother," M. Belpard, alias Jules Re-  
pau.—London Sun.

Don't Tobacco Habit Sicken Your Life Away.  
To quit tobacco easily and forever, take No-To-  
Bac, the wonder worker, that makes weak men  
strong. All druggists sell it. Cure guaran-  
teed. Booklet sent sample free. Address:  
Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

## HOW TO FIND OUT.

Fill a bottle or common glass  
with urine and let it stand twenty-  
four hours; a sediment or settling  
indicates an unhealthy condition of  
the kidneys. When urine stains  
linen it is evidence of kidney  
trouble. Too frequent desire to  
urinate or pain in the back, is also  
convincing proof that the kidneys  
and bladder are out of order.

## What to Do.

There is comfort in the knowl-  
edge so often expressed, that Dr.  
Kilmer's Swamp Root, the great  
kidney remedy, fulfills every wish  
in relieving pain in the back, kid-  
neys, liver, bladder and every part  
of the urinary passages. It cor-  
rects inability to hold urine and  
scalding pain in passing it, or bad  
effects following use of liquor, wine  
or beer, and overcomes that un-  
pleasant necessity of being com-  
pelled to get up many times during  
the night to urinate. The mild and  
the extraordinary effect of Swamp-  
Root is soon realized. It stands the  
highest for its wonderful cures of  
the most distressing cases. If you  
need a medicine you should have  
the best. Sold by druggists, price  
fifty cents and one dollar. You  
may have a sample bottle and  
pamphlet both sent free by mail.  
Mention the Sonoma Index-Tribune  
and send your address to Dr. Kil-  
mer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The  
proprietary of this paper guarantee  
the genuineness of this offer.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.  
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak  
men strong, blood pure. 50c. All druggists.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**100 DROPS**  
**CASTORIA**  
Vegetable Preparation for As-  
similating the Food and Regula-  
ting the Stomachs and Bowels of  
**INFANTS CHILDREN**  
Promotes Digestion, Cheerful-  
ness and Rest. Contains neither  
Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.  
**NOT NARCOTIC.**  
Beware of Old Dr. Samuel's Price  
Pumpkin Seed  
Rhubarb  
Sulphur  
Castor Oil  
Laxative  
Candy  
Cathartic  
Cascarets  
Cure Constipation  
Aperient Remedy for Constipation,  
Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea,  
Worms, Convulsions, Feverish-  
ness and Loss of Sleep.  
Fac-Simile Signature of  
Chas. H. Fletcher  
NEW YORK.  
At 6 months old  
35 Doses—35 CENTS  
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

**CANDY CATHARTIC**  
**Cascarets**  
CURE CONSTIPATION  
REGULATE THE LIVER  
ALL DRUGGISTS  
10¢ 25¢ 50¢  
ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the ideal laxa-  
tive, never grip or sicken, but cause easy natural results. Sam-  
ple and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York.

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PRODUCTIVE SONOMA VALLEY  
—THIS PAPER—  
Bases its Claim to the Support of the People upon the Fact that it is  
Independent in Expression and  
NOT RUN IN THE INTEREST OF ANY PARTY, CLIQUE OR CLAN  
—THE PUBLISHER—  
Being Identified with the Interests of the Sonoma Valley, and believing  
that a Local Paper, conducted on the plan  
Indicated will be of real service to the people of both Town and Valley  
by making their resources known to the outside world  
Confidently relies upon a continuation  
of the Generous Support  
Accorded the INDEX-TRIBUNE the past Fourteen Years.  
SEND IN YOUR NAMES AS SUBSCRIBERS

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"THUNDERBOLTS"  
The latest and greatest book for this world's celebrity  
now out and for sale exclusively by subscription. The  
only book given to the public by Sam Jones in ten years.  
Entered by John B. F. Haynes, Binghamton, N. Y. An agent  
in South Carolina sold 40 copies in three days. One agent in Georgia sold 25  
copies in three days. An agent in Central Georgia sold 60 copies in ten days. When you consider the com-  
mission on every copy, there is nothing in which a live, hustling man can engage which  
will yield such profits. For instance, one agent made \$108.25 in ten days selling  
"Thunderbolts." Another made \$20.00 in three days; another \$2.25 in ten days; another  
\$33.10 in two days; another \$24.75 in three days.  
**AGENTS WANTED.**  
Send 5c. for Agent's Outfit, and 10c. for Our  
70-page, Illustrated Catalogue of Bibles, Altars, Etc.  
**WONDERFUL SALES.**  
\$10 Every Day Can Be Made by Agents.  
To prove it, we give a few items from actual sales made within the last few weeks:  
One agent sold 27 copies in two and a half days. Another sold 15 copies in two days.  
Another sold 30 in three days. One agent in Indiana sold 15 copies in two days. An agent  
in South Carolina sold 40 copies in three days. One agent in Georgia sold 25  
copies in three days. An agent in Central Georgia sold 60 copies in ten days. When you consider the com-  
mission on every copy, there is nothing in which a live, hustling man can engage which  
will yield such profits. For instance, one agent made \$108.25 in ten days selling  
"Thunderbolts." Another made \$20.00 in three days; another \$2.25 in ten days; another  
\$33.10 in two days; another \$24.75 in three days.  
**B. F. HAYNES PUBLISHING COMPANY, Nashville, Tenn.**

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**P. JOS. STEIGER.**  
Main St., Petaluma,  
Guns, Bicycles, Sporting Goods  
Good Beach-Loading Guns from \$12 Up  
Ammunition Wholesale and Retail.  
**CRESCENT BICYCLES.**  
\$40 \$50 \$75  
Cheapest place in the county for  
Gun and Bicycle Repairing.

**SMITH'S**  
CASH STORE  
Market St. Ferry, S. F., Cal.  
Is offering Ladies low shoes, Oxfords,  
one strap and four strap Sandals, fine Kid  
C. S. plain toe, at 50 cents, sizes 2 to 6,  
postage 15 cents or less. Men's \$4.00  
Button shoes \$1.37. Ask for lists.

**SMITH'S**  
CASH STORE  
MARKET ST. FERRY, S. F., CAL.  
Offers ladies Boston gowns, sizes 32 to  
40, of good dark or medium color, at 50c.  
Tennis flannel wrappers at \$1.25, \$1.50, all  
our own make. Add for postage, if to  
mail. Also for extra sizes. Everything  
for women and children made to order.

**Marcy & Dunbar,**  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
**TINWARE.**  
AND DEALERS IN  
Stoves, Hardware,  
Pumps, Etc.  
Superior Tinware Made to  
Order on Short Notice.  
HAVING RECENTLY ADDED ENTIRELY NEW  
machinery to our establishment, we are pre-  
pared to manufacture all kinds of Tinware to order,  
warranted for durability cannot be beat.  
**PRICES REASONABLE.**  
East Side Broadway,  
SONOMA, CAL.  
**WANTED.**  
**TEN**  
**Blockmakers.**  
Apply to  
**S. SCHOCKEN,**  
Sonoma.  
**SCHOONER**  
**FOUR SISTERS.**

**HAUTO, MASTER,**  
Will make three trips per week  
from EMBARCADERO to SAN  
FRANCISCO and return. Ship-  
pers of Fruit, etc., can obtain terms  
by applying to owner at Jackson  
street wharf, San Francisco, and  
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**FINE PRINTING** At this  
Office.  
**WANTED—TRUSTWORTHY AND**  
active gentlemen or ladies to travel  
for responsible, established house in Cal-  
ifornia. Monthly \$35.00 and expenses.  
Position steady. Reference. Enclose self-  
addressed stamped envelope. The Do-  
minion Company, Dept. Y, Chicago.  
**To Cure Constipation Forever.**  
Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c.  
If C.C.C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

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and  
**Golden Rule**  
**Bazaar**  
San Francisco  
Calif.  
**THE TWO GREAT STORES**  
**CONSOLIDATED**  
**Selling Everything**  
**to Eat, Drink, Wear or**  
**Use in Your Homes**  
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**ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE**  
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**WANTED FOR**  
**The Official Guide to the**  
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And the Gold Fields of Alaska.  
Retail Price, \$1.00.  
Intensely interesting and strictly  
authentic. The actual experiences of  
miners and their marvelous dis-  
coveries of gold. The information  
contained in this book has been care-  
fully prepared from the most reli-  
able sources, and will be the means  
of leading thousands to fortune in  
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**GOLD FIELDS OF THE NORTH**  
The book contains 200 pages and  
is illustrated with 32 full page photo-  
graphs, taken especially for this  
work, and also eight pages of official  
maps.  
We are the sole publishers of "The  
Official Guide to the Klondyke  
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purporting to be its imitations.  
Our usual liberal commissions.  
Send 50 cents at once for complete  
book, together with agent's outfit.  
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**MEN! You can**  
**be cured**  
If you suffer from any of the  
ills of men, come to the oldest  
Specialist on the Pacific Coast,  
**DR. JORDAN & CO.,**  
1051 Market St. Est'd 1882.  
**Young men and middle**  
**aged men** who are suffering  
from the effects of youthful indiscretions or ex-  
cesses in mature years. Nervous and Physical  
Debility, Impotency, Loss of Sexual Power,  
all its complications: **Spermatorrhea,**  
**Prostatitis, Neuritis, Gonorrhea,**  
**Frequency of Urinating, etc.** By a  
combination of remedies, of great curative pow-  
er, the Doctor has so arranged his treatment  
that it will not only afford immediate relief but  
permanent cure. The Doctor does not claim to  
perform miracles, but is well-known to be a fair  
and square Physician and Surgeon, pre-eminent  
in his specialty—**DISEASES OF MEN.**  
Syphilis thoroughly eradicated from the  
system without use of Mercury.  
**EVERY MAN** applying to us will re-  
ceive our **most potent** and **beneficial** treatment.  
We will guarantee a **POSITIVE CURE** in  
every case we undertake, or forfeit **One**  
**Thousand Dollars.**  
Consultation **FREE** and strictly private.  
**CHARLES VEEB, D.D.S.,** Treat-  
ment personally or by letter. Send for book,  
**"The Philosophy of Marriage,"**  
free. (A valuable book for men.)  
**VISIT DR. JORDAN'S**  
**Great Museum of Anatomy**  
the finest and largest Museum of its kind in the  
world. Come and learn how wonderfully you  
are made; how to avoid sickness and disease.  
We are continually adding new specimens.  
**CATALOGUE FREE.** Call or write.  
1051 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

**A COZY HOME**  
—FOR—  
**\$900 Only.**  
Two-story, 7-room dwelling and  
lot 50x150. Located on one of the  
principal residence streets of So-  
nomia within one-block of public  
school building. The house has  
lately been newly painted and  
is in a thorough state of repair.  
Cost \$1,500 only a few years ago.  
For further particulars apply to  
**H. H. GRANICE,**  
Real Estate Agent, Sonoma.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

**COUNTY OFFICERS.**  
Superior Judge..... S. K. Dougherty  
Superior Judge..... A. G. Burnett  
Sheriff..... Sam I. Allen  
Under Sheriff..... Geo. P. Allen  
Jailor..... Harry Weiss  
Deputy Sheriff Sonoma Tp..... Chas. A. Ohm  
County Clerk..... Somers B. Fulton  
Auditor and Recorder..... A. J. Achison  
District Attorney..... Emmett Seawell  
Assessor..... M. V. Vanderhoof  
Treasurer..... E. F. Woodward  
Superintendent of Schools..... L. E. Ricksecker  
Surveyor..... E. S. Gray  
Supervisor..... T. C. Putnam  
Supervisor..... H. W. Hayden  
Supervisor..... J. W. Gibson  
Justice of Peace, Glen Ellen..... J. M. Cheney  
Justice of Peace, Sonoma..... J. M. Cheney  
Constable, Glen Ellen..... G. W. Beatty  
Constable, Sonoma..... J. E. Robin

**CITY OFFICIALS.**  
President City Trustees..... J. H. Seipp  
City Trustee..... Henry Harlin  
City Trustee..... E. J. Buloff  
City Trustee..... J. E. Modine  
City Trustee..... J. E. Poppe  
Recorder..... J. M. Cheney  
Clerk..... Frank Glynn  
Treasurer..... G. H. H. Cornelius  
Marshal..... J. E. Robin  
Official Newspaper Sonoma..... The Sonoma Index-Tribune  
Notary Public..... Fred T. Dabring

## SONOMA INDEX - TRIBUNE

## BOOK &amp; JOB

## PRINTING OFFICE

**Job Work of Every Descrip-**  
**tion Printed at City**  
P1033

Letter Heads,  
Note Heads,  
Bill Heads,  
Wine Labels,  
Statements,  
Posters,  
Dodger

## Wedding Stationery

Business Cards,  
Party Invitations,  
Dance Programmes,  
Receipts,  
Tags,  
Envelopes,  
Etc. Etc

## Send in Your Orders.

## JOSEPH A. COWEN,

## Book - Binder

## Blank Book Manufacturer,

## PETALUMA.

## SAN FRANCISCO &amp; NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.

## OFFICIAL TIME SCHEDULE

Leave Sonoma.	Effectively Oct. 24, 1897.	Arrive Sonoma.
DAYS	DAYS	SUN. DAYS
6:18 AM	8:10 AM	San Francisco
2:50 PM	3:37 PM	San Rafael
1:30 AM	10:25 AM	San Rafael
7:20 PM	7:15 PM	Glen Ellen
6:18 AM	8:10 AM	Novato
2:50 PM	3:37 PM	Petaluma
6:18 AM	8:10 AM	Point Reyes
2:50 PM	3:37 PM	Point Reyes
6:18 AM	8:10 AM	Point Reyes
2:50 PM	3:37 PM	Point Reyes
6:18 AM	8:10 AM	Point Reyes
2:50 PM	3:37 PM	Point Reyes
6:18 AM	8:10 AM	Point Reyes
2:50 PM	3:37 PM	Point Reyes

## ONRAD FUTTERER

## Pres. &amp; Gen. Manager.

## Gen. Pass Agt.

## ONRAD FUTTERER

## ONRAD FUTTERER

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